

THE WAR CRY



OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

International Headquarters:
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

William Booth, Founder.

Canada East Headquarters:
James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

34th Year. No. 29.

Bramwell Booth, General.

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1917.

W. J. Richards, Commissioner.

Price Two Cents



FOR THE SAKE OF THE BOYS AT THE FRONT

The above photo depicts an incident in the recent Street Collection in Toronto for the Rest Huts. Mrs. Commissioner Richards has stood for two hours on the corner, and is just being relieved by Mrs. Colonel McMillan. A little girl is snapped in the act of putting a coin in the box. Seven hundred dollars was added to the Fund at the end of the day.

(See also page 6.)

"Sinking the Wounded"

By THE GENERAL

LOOK how the devil succeeds in doing that, very thing! Sinking the Wounded! It is as evil or it is indeed a very wonderful spectacle! The skill manifested in the courage and labour put into the business—the horrible deception and snares which he employs to gain his end! How does he manage to do it? Truly he is the Great Destroyer—going about like a wild beast, seeking—as the Bible says, "whom he may devour."

Morgue. It is all so open and manifest that he who runs may

Look at the aged people, how often they go off into the darkness of an sudden! Undoubtedly many of them are sorely wounded. Years of sin and self-will have done their dreadful work. Sorrow and loneliness—and often desertion by those they loved and trusted—have broken up their hopes of better days. They have begun to feel that life is all to realize how empty this poor world can be, and are waking up to see that though the day is far spent and the night is drawing near, yet—bruised and broken as they were—they may yet, perchance, and mercy and love and new life from the feet of God. And then they will seek their plight and, having no pity, death falls on them and they all—and they sink!

Think of the prodigals who never turned back. My brethren, what a thought is that! And yet they mean to return. I believe that all backsliders promise themselves again

and again to return to the Father and confess their sin, and seek forgiveness. Many, yes, very many, promise me! But they are waiting for something to be altered or for something to happen, and the years march on, and the devil is lying in wait for them—watching for his chance.

Poor, broken things they often are—with broken voices—broken prayers—broken joy—broken love—broken strength and manhood; sometimes with broken hearts. And in their broken condition they grow weak and ever weaker. Their wounds—the wounds made by self-will and unfaithfulness and condemnation—are open, and no ointment can cure them. And in the midst of it all—often just as they seem to be on the edge of better things—the devil sends up against them some calamity, and catches them unawares, and the blow falls, and then it is too late to save them—and they sink!

The same thing happens with many nice and proper people who never get right with God. Some of them go to church or chapel, some do not, but they mean to try in their own way to be better, and they have a kind of religious hope in the mercy of God; at any rate it used to be so.

But they are never born again; they never get the assurance of Salvation. They drift, grow poorer and more indolent and sickly about religion as time creeps on. Presently the bit of faith they had almost. This recognition of God almost disappears from life, and they get so taken with the fevers of earthly pleasures, or fear, or fame, that they come to be well-nigh helpless and lifeless as to God and His will.

Still, I believe many get aroused from time to time by special events. They say to themselves at such times, "Well, I will turn over a new leaf after this—I really must try and get a new definite hope. But they are so helpless that their promises come to nothing, and then the devil gets something ready for them and—you hear they are dead. He catches them in that uncertain, prostrate state—wounded and poisoned by their own neglect and sin—and he plunges in on them, and they are gone—they have been sunk!

Many well-meaning and well-disposed folk are ruined in the same way. They do not mean to be caught like that—for they are not ignorant of their enemy's cruel devices. But they are always putting off decision. Some of this class tell me from time

to time that they have no more anxiety in the way of "doing things." They know what they ought to do, and they mean to do it—now, say yes. They tremble like Felix at old and make many promises. They often join with us in singing:

"To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-delayed sigh;
Oh, then, be true to what thou sayest,
Thou wouldn't be saved."

Why not to-night?
And sometimes get even as far as the foot of the Cross and offer their prayers. But in these hours they are always thinking, "I cannot settle it just now—I will be saved; but not to-night." And to those who love them best, they begin to think they are really on the way home to have their sin forgiven and their weakness healed, the devil overtakes them with some calamity which comes in like a flood and there is a crisis, and then—the worst is past and the summer is ended—and they sink!

Ah! the enemy of souls is a very real enemy—a very cruel foe. He pays no attention to pity or compassion. Sin and Satan regard no age nor sex, neither class nor condition. When they can, they sink all alike in that dark ocean of eternal night on which no ray of light ever fall and from whose dark waters no traveller returns.

My comrades, what shall we do in this awful peril? There can only be one answer—LET US RUSH TO THE RESCUE!

THE FIELD SECRETARY

Gives Interesting Lecture—Tells Souls Forward.

Brigadier F. Morris conducted an interesting and inspiring lecture at the Temple (Toronto) Corps on Sunday, March 25th. Being well known around the central Corps of Soldiers of the Cross, his lecture drew large crowds were present at each meeting, and many were delighted at the opportunity of listening to words of comfort and advice from the Field Secretary.

The Holiness meeting was a spiritual feast. A number expressed in testimony their love for God, while the Brigadier's address on the character of David was full of gold thought and food for the soul. A number of one of our English Corps. He was all through the Gallop campaign, and has now been in France for some time, and as I was the first Salvation Army Officer he had met at the front, he was naturally delighted to see me. This was the place where you certainly appreciate meeting comrades.

The hot tea that I have been furnishing free to the men at the Rest has been very much appreciated, especially during the cold snap. When the boys come in who are going to and from the front trenches and are chilled with the cold, a good cup of hot tea is the best thing that can have to warm them up. Will you please remind the readers of "The Cry," and especially our Home Leaguers, that I am very anxious that comforts they can send me, as I have not had nearly enough to keep me going.

We certainly have the British Empire represented in miniature in our vicinity here. We are near one of our forest camps, and here we have our expert lumbermen from over Canada, sturdy men of the woods, lithe and quick of eye, who, as you see them felling the trees, remind me of my fellow-fellow's "Village Blacksmith."

"The muscled of his brawny arms stood out like iron bands." It is a strange thing which war does to men who have come thou-

April 1917

A CHAPLAIN'S EXPERIENCES AT THE FRONT

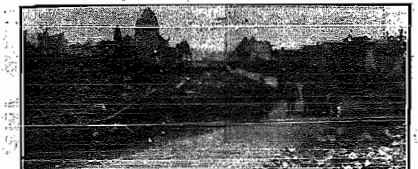
HOT TEA AND COMFORTS FOR THE BOYS—A HINT FOR HOME LEAGUERS—SALVATION MEETING IN A CAVE LIGHTED BY CANDLES—A LONG TRAMP THROUGH THE MUD

WE HAVE HAD quite a change in the weather since I wrote last. For over a month we had it very cold and dry, but now a thaw has set in and we are wading around in the mud again. The most noticeable effect of the change in the weather is the strange silence that broods over the front. I have not heard the report of a gun this morning, and even the chatter

hands of miles from their home to engage in the great adventure, and in the carrying out of their duty, revert to their usual work in peace time. It is not always as peaceful as it looks, however, for occasionally one of Fritz's shells will come whining over and burst in the woods, filling the trees with pieces of shell that are a sore trial to the lumbermen and particularly to the sawyer at the little mill, who told me

of an unknown French hero. No doubt one of our boys, when digging, had come across the body of a French soldier, and in the kindness of this hero had put up the little cross. In these little crosses, scattered all along the line and in the graveyards further back, lies the tragedy of this ghastly struggle. God grant that the cause of justice and righteousness will soon triumph—as we believe it will.

By the time we returned from the support trenches it was too late to look up our boys, so we had to return to camp without having the service. We will have to wait until next Sunday to have one now, as that is the only time the boys are free, so that we can get them together. I have been able to meet a lot of our own boys, and while now are still it is a great blessing to be able to meet the comrades and encourage them a bit.



The Remains of a French Village

of the machine guns is silenced. This is due to the dense fog which has settled like a pall over this section of the front.

After such heavy bombarding as we have had recently, it is not surprising that the thunder of the guns is very marked indeed. This quietude will not last very long, however, as the artillery will soon begin its dirge of death and the whine and scream of the shells on their errand of destruction and devastation will be resumed.

You will have read of the successful raids put on by the Canadians during the past week. The bombardment by our guns, although brief, was very intense indeed, and reminded us very forcibly of the Somme. As our camp is located in a small valley, we hear the echo as well as the report of the guns, which increases the noise. During this past week I have had a visit from one of the Imperial artillery officers, who in his capacity of one of our English Corps. He was all through the Gallop campaign, and has now been in France for some time, and as I was the first Salvation Army Officer he had met at the front, he was naturally delighted to see me. This was the place where you certainly appreciate meeting comrades.

We passed a couple of villages that had been battered to pieces by the enemy artillery, and which are now nothing but heaps of ruins. It is impossible to adequately describe the horror and desolation of the country just behind the front line. The trenches wide in and out through fields that have laid waste for the last two years. The only thing that has been sown has been forged in furnaces of fire and the reaper has been death. The harvest in the main has been a barren one, but in some cases it has involved weary months of suffering and pain. One is forcibly reminded of the lines in one of Kipling's war poems:

"Our world has passed away
In a moment of the day,
And nothing remains to-day
But fire and steel and stone."

In the support trench I saw one of the most pathetic things I have seen in connection with the war. It was a little cross made out of two pieces of wood, about a foot long, and stuck upon the side of the trench. It bore the inscription "To the memory of a French soldier who was killed in action." It was a very pathetic thing to see.

"Our world has passed away
In a moment of the day,
And nothing remains to-day
But fire and steel and stone."

In the support trench I saw one of the most pathetic things I have seen in connection with the war. It was a little cross made out of two pieces of wood, about a foot long, and stuck upon the side of the trench. It bore the inscription "To the memory of a French soldier who was killed in action." It was a very pathetic thing to see.

In my last letter I referred to my effort to find the cave where our men were billeted, and to the fact that I was misdirected, my failure to do so. Last Sunday I secured a guide and succeeded in reaching my objective. The cave had set in and the communication trenches were very wet and muddy. In the sections that lacked trench mats the mud was a real nuisance, and when you stepped into a hole you would sink half-way to the knees. It was a damp, misty day, and I do not know how many of our men were so dreary and depressing journey than this one.

The fields not having been cultivated for over two years, the ground was a mass of weeds and grass and grain and roots, while they are all peckmarked with shell holes. In some places where a heavy rain had been put on these are only a few feet apart. This, with the battered villages along the way, comprise a veritable abomination of desolation. It gives the curious impression that the whole face of nature has broken out in a violent eruption and is covered with putrid sores. In the morning Mother Nature will endeavor to hide these scars with the tender

heart of stone who is not moved by the tragedy and pathos of it all. Personally I find my eyes blinded by tears as I stumble along the trenches, thinking of the awful anguish and heartaches produced by this ghastly strife, and my heart yearns for the hastening of the time when the "Kingdom of God" shall become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ. We out here at the front are seeing the death-throes of the ideal of Might over Right. In the days to come, after Right has conquered (which it will as sure as God reigns), we will be able to look back and see the end of all the pain and anguish that has been so bravely borne.

In due time we safely reach the cave where we are holding the service without any misadventure. Fritz has put over a few high-explosive shells, but fortunately for us none have landed in our immediate vicinity. The cave is some fifty to sixty feet underground, and has been formed by quarrying for stone for the nearby villages. In my experience as an Officer, I have held services in some queer places: in circus tents, on board ship, in factories, and out here in barns and any place available. I think, however, that this cave was the wildest place I have ever conducted a service in.

Lit only by a few candles, we gathered in the dim twilight and worshipped. It reminded me of the early Christians worshipping in the catacombs of Rome. Although only a few feet from the front line, we do not hear the sound of a gun. It certainly was a safe place, for not even one of Krupp's "Berthas" could have penetrated the cave. It was best to make the way of Salvation plain and to urge men to make their peace with God, and to believe that He will own and bless the work of His people.

Our time was somewhat limited, as it is a long tramp up and back again, so we had to hurry home, which we reached at dusk, very wet, muddy, and tired, but glad to have had the opportunity of being some help and blessing to the boys. They were very pleased at our visit, and promised to return again next Sunday.

Our time was somewhat limited, as it is a long tramp up and back again, so we had to hurry home, which we reached at dusk, very wet, muddy, and tired, but glad to have had the opportunity of being some help and blessing to the boys. They were very pleased at our visit, and promised to return again next Sunday.

Our time was somewhat limited, as it is a long tramp up and back again, so we had to hurry home, which we reached at dusk, very wet, muddy, and tired, but glad to have had the opportunity of being some help and blessing to the boys. They were very pleased at our visit, and promised to return again next Sunday.

heart of stone who is not moved by the tragedy and pathos of it all.

Personally I find my eyes blinded by tears as I stumble along the trenches, thinking of the awful anguish and heartaches produced by this ghastly strife, and my heart yearns for the hastening of the time when the "Kingdom of God" shall become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ. We out here at the front are seeing the death-throes of the ideal of Might over Right. In the days to come, after Right has conquered (which it will as sure as God reigns), we will be able to look back and see the end of all the pain and anguish that has been so bravely borne.

In due time we safely reach the cave where we are holding the service without any misadventure. Fritz has put over a few high-explosive shells, but fortunately for us none have landed in our immediate vicinity. The cave is some fifty to sixty feet underground, and has been formed by quarrying for stone for the nearby villages. In my experience as an Officer, I have held services in some queer places: in circus tents, on board ship, in factories, and out here in barns and any place available. I think, however, that this cave was the wildest place I have ever conducted a service in.

Lit only by a few candles, we gathered in the dim twilight and worshipped. It reminded me of the early Christians worshipping in the catacombs of Rome. Although only a few feet from the front line, we do not hear the sound of a gun. It certainly was a safe place, for not even one of Krupp's "Berthas" could have penetrated the cave. It was best to make the way of Salvation plain and to urge men to make their peace with God, and to believe that He will own and bless the work of His people.

Our time was somewhat limited, as it is a long tramp up and back again, so we had to hurry home, which we reached at dusk, very wet, muddy, and tired, but glad to have had the opportunity of being some help and blessing to the boys. They were very pleased at our visit, and promised to return again next Sunday.

Our time was somewhat limited, as it is a long tramp up and back again, so we had to hurry home, which we reached at dusk, very wet, muddy, and tired, but glad to have had the opportunity of being some help and blessing to the boys. They were very pleased at our visit, and promised to return again next Sunday.

Our time was somewhat limited, as it is a long tramp up and back again, so we had to hurry home, which we reached at dusk, very wet, muddy, and tired, but glad to have had the opportunity of being some help and blessing to the boys. They were very pleased at our visit, and promised to return again next Sunday.

Our time was somewhat limited, as it is a long tramp up and back again, so we had to hurry home, which we reached at dusk, very wet, muddy, and tired, but glad to have had the opportunity of being some help and blessing to the boys. They were very pleased at our visit, and promised to return again next Sunday.

Our time was somewhat limited, as it is a long tramp up and back again, so we had to hurry home, which we reached at dusk, very wet, muddy, and tired, but glad to have had the opportunity of being some help and blessing to the boys. They were very pleased at our visit, and promised to return again next Sunday.

Our time was somewhat limited, as it is a long tramp up and back again, so we had to hurry home, which we reached at dusk, very wet, muddy, and tired, but glad to have had the opportunity of being some help and blessing to the boys. They were very pleased at our visit, and promised to return again next Sunday.

THE PRAYING LEAGUE

Daily Prayer Topics

1. Pray for "our boys" with the same training as at the front.

2. Pray that the thoughtless and careless may give serious consideration to present conditions, and turn to God in prayer.

3. Pray for a great spiritual turning to our Christ and Saviour by the people everywhere.

4. Pray for Chains, all spiritual leaders, doctors, nurses, Red Cross workers, and all who minister to the material, bodily, and spiritual needs of our soldiers.

5. Pray for the Army Bandmen to be a real influence for God and good among our khaki men.

6. Pray for mothers, wives, and sisters, who have given their best-loved ones for King and Empire.

7. Pray for the bereaved and dying everywhere.

8. Pray for the progress of The Salvation Army in Canada and all the lands.

9. Pray that those who make the personal sacrifice may be conscious of Divine Grace.

10. Pray especially for the mothers in the world.

11. Pray for Divine wisdom to be granted. The Salvation Army, The General, and all Salvation Army Leaders, in carrying out the winter's campaign.

12. Pray for a baptism of the Holy Ghost on all the world.

13. Pray for journeying mercies and Missionaries to return to China. And for all who travel by land and sea in these days of tragedy and danger.

14. Pray for the Kingdom of Christ.

SUNDAY—Psalm 2:6; 14: 1-5.

MONDAY—Psalm 110: 1, 2, 5, 6.

TUESDAY—Isaiah 16: 17, 2, 21, and 22.

WEDNESDAY—Isaiah 32:1-4, Jeremiah 30:9.

THURSDAY—Ezekiel 34:24, 25.

FRIDAY—Isaiah 55:1; Haggai 2:23; Ezekiel 14:23.

SATURDAY—Micah 5:5; Zechariah 8:7; Isaiah 53:7.

THERE'S ALWAYS TIME FOR PRAYER

(By Commissioner Booth-Tucker)

Amid life's rapid rush and race, we stand as none can doubt; Though duties swift each other chase—

There's always time for prayer!

Come, Martha, to thy Saviour's feet, And Mary's blessing share; Thy task thou better shalt complete—

There's always time for prayer!

O slumbering soul, awake, awake! Thy Saviour's ardour hear, And soothe the restless heart—

With all-prevailing prayer!

Nay, do not plead the battle's need, Nor seek to shun the fight; Thy every word and plaint and deed—

Will benefit by prayer!

To every saint in every land, Oh, tell it everywhere! We need above all else God's hand—

There's always time for prayer!

The Eternal Strife

The present great struggle in the world, that we are fondly hoping and earnestly praying it may be brought to a satisfactory end, is, after all, but a type, or, rather, indeed, only a phase of an age-long struggle that has endured and will endure through all the pages of history, and that we cannot hope will ever end until some far-off day when human life shall be perfected.

It is a struggle, for a better, a juster, a kinder—a more Christian world—such a consummation can never be achieved by force and strategy. This terrible war in Europe will soon be over, but there is no sign that that other struggle is to

have an end. The nations may arrange for world peace, but peace in that realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to fight with rifle and shell, but we cannot hope to be done with the soldier spirit, or that that greater conflict of ideals is over. The realm of moral and spiritual achievement would mean stagnation and death. We may hope that our land will never again have to muster its sons to

Canadian Officers

ARE IN CHARGE OF REST
HUT AT SHORNCLIFFE.

Adjutant and Mrs. M. Burry, who went from Canada some time ago to work amongst the troops, are

Camp, Kent (England). They have charge of a Salvation Army Hut, and have three assistants.

"Most of our time," writes the

Adjutant, is spent in serving refreshments, but we manage to get in a couple of meetings on Sundays. The Hut Work is appreciated, not only by the men, but by the military authorities. No stronger proof of

this could be given than that permission has been given The Army to erect a Hut close by Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square.



Adjutant and Mrs. Burry

"When coming amongst the boys in khaki I could not help being impressed with their fine spirit and

"We are glad to be here to do what little we can among them, and feel that our sacrifice is small indeed."

Adjutant and Mrs. Barry have been Field and Social Officers in Canada for many years past; St. John III. being their last command. They are good, hard-working, and zealous Officers—Salvationists of the

old type—and can be depended on to do their best with the new opportunities before them. Their address is as follows: Salvation Army Hut, St. Martin's Plains, Shorncliffe, Kent, England.

A DEDICATION

Songsters Sing Well in Service

At Wychwood, Sunday, March 18th, the morning and night meet-

ings were conducted by Lieut. Colonel Smeeton. The Illinois meeting was a time of blessing and much enjoyed by all.

In the night meeting the Colonel dedicated the son of Adjutant and Mrs. Graubert to God and the Army. The songsters sang one of their beautiful songs; so well pleased was the Colonel with the singing that he called upon them the second

The Colonel's address was listened to with great interest. We finished the day having received much spiritual blessing.—E. G. Stockdale

COMMISSIONER RICHARDS IN BERMUDA

umphed over the "powers of Darkness";- but not until a very hard fight had been put up. Testimonies to the saving and keeping power of

God under all circumstances in life were given by Brigadier Miller and Lieut.-Colonel Chandler, and it was indeed inspiring to hear that grand old song, "Rock of Ages," sung by such a magnificent crowd. The Hall was packed to its utmost capacity and a large crowd turned

The Commissioner's address simple, yet powerful in its clearness of the way of Salvation, was eagerly listened to, and God used our Leader in the convicting of many souls. The prayer meeting commenced, and for a time it seemed that "Darkness" would prevail. But bright sunshine, with determination stamped on his face, walked to the Mercy Seat, and was not very long before eleven other precious souls had sought and found the Saviour. The meeting closed with songs of praise over the most victorious week-end Campaign.

To say that Monday night meeting (the last in St. George's) was a gigantic success is putting it very mildly. The largest Hall in the town was taxed to accommodate the magnificent crowd which was desirous of again hearing the Commissioner lecture. Long before the time of commencing the Hall was full, and the crowd which gathered was perhaps the most enthusiastic the Commissioner has had the pleasure of addressing for many a day.

The Postmaster's Tribute

Seated on the platform with the Commissioner and his Staff were many prominent gentlemen of the town, including the Mayor, the Mayor's wife, V. O. Brown, Esq., clergy men, and other warm friends of the Salvation Army. Brigadier Miller evoked the Divine benediction on the gathering, and, after a solo in the singing of the chorus in which the audience excelled themselves, Major Barr, on behalf of the local comrades, in well-chosen words, expressed the pleasure of all concerned at the presence of the

In his remarks Mr. Brown stated that it was a great pleasure and privilege to preside for he was sure there was no other organization in the world doing the good which The Salvation Army had been able to accomplish by the help of God. He was also very eulogistic of the Commissioner's address of the previous afternoon, and assured the gathered congregation that they would be well repaid for their attendance, and such indeed was the case.

The Commissioner received a wonderful ovation. His address covered many miles and many years and with that charmingly interesting manner which he possesses, he held the audience spellbound as he told of the work The Army was doing in connection with the world-wide war in Europe, etc. To move an audience from laughter to tears in a few minutes is an accomplishment, and this is actually what happened.

opened when he told of some of the remarkable cases of conversion which God had enabled him to be instrumental in His hand of bringing about, and the wonderful sequel of one case, who is now a Missionary in Central Africa. For one hour and a quarter the Commissioner listened and surely, we can safely

won a place in their hearts. The proceedings closed with a prayer from the Captain and the singing of "God Save the King." Adjutant Hurd was present, and kept meeting lively while the collection



A MALTESE ROMANCE



SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The story opens with the introduction of two of the principal characters—George Stanton (an Englishman) and Joe Brown (an American)—both of whom are gunners in a British artillery battery stationed at Malta. The second chapter describes a carnival at Valletta, the capital of the island, at which George and Joe are interested spectators. On their way home to barracks that night they heard a cry of alarm and saw a young Maltese woman struggling in the arms of a soldier. They went to her rescue, and as Corporal Smith (who was the assailant) was threatening them for their interference, he was stabbed by a Maltese man. Next day George visits a Maltese groshop in company with several other soldiers and discovers that the girl he rescued is the daughter of the proprietor. He does not make himself known, but agrees to call again later, and asks Joe to go with him. They are well received by the family and are invited to stay to tea. Becoming interested in the place, they are involved one night in a fracas caused by Corporal Smith. They are sentenced to punishment drill, which Corporal Smith makes as hard as possible for them. Unable to stand the life any longer, they resolve to desert and are hidden by Vincenzo, a Maltese, and brother to Camilla, a young old catamite. They are unexpectedly stumble across a coin-gang, and, after many exciting adventures, get separated in the dark tunnels. George gropes his way to an outlet, and escapes to the Bergemma Hills.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GORGE IN THE HILLS
AS George journeyed on the scene around him became ever wilder and more rugged. Though not of very great height or extent, the Bergemma Hills present many of the aspects of a mountain range, in miniature of course.

The most striking of these is the number of deep and narrow gorges, or, rather—small canyons, which run in all directions as if chiselled out of the rock by the hand of the Divine Architect of the universe. The walls of these gorges, descending abruptly, form alarming precipices, down which a goat would find it difficult to clamber. Hardly anything but prickly cactus grows in this desolate region, though perhaps a little grass and some hardy shrubs might be found in specially-favoured spots. For the most part, however, the eye gazes on naked masses of dark brown rock, with jagged edges pointing to the sky and great fissures scarred the sides.

In such a place then came George, fearing that some one would know he had recently arrived, he was looking for a place to hide, and struck out across the rocks.

making his way slowly, and with some difficulty towards the summit, which was only a few feet higher than the rest. But soon he found his further progress barred by one of the aforementioned deep gorges. He stood on the edge of the precipice peering into the dim depths below and wondering by what means he might cross to the other side.

Right at his feet the rocky wall descended almost perpendicularly for at least a hundred feet and there did not appear to be even a goat toehold anywhere upon its surface. A few hundred yards further on, however, George noticed a break in the wall, and concluded that a gully branched off from the main one at that point, and that he would

ward, and what he saw almost made him lose his balance. It was a man's face peering over the edge of the gully, and evidently watching his movements with great interest. Suspicious and fearful, as all hunted men are, George jumped to the immediate conclusion that the man was a spy set on his track by the village priest.

"I must shake this chap off somehow or other," he thought. "Mustn't let him see me climbing to that cave." He hailed the man in Maltese, wishing him good morning, and received a very civil greeting in return. "I'm an English tourist," said George, forgetting for the moment



"Saw a man's face peering over the edge"

probably find it comparatively easy to clamber down there. He made for the spot, therefore, and found that his surmise was correct. Though the sides of the gully sloped steeply, yet there was good foothold all the way down. Only care and patience were needed to reach the bottom in safety.

George began the descent. Half-

way down his attention was arrested by a small opening in the opposite wall of the main gorge. His idea occurred to him that it might be the entrance to a cave, and he determined to try and reach it, although it was high up and looked almost inaccessible.

Just then he happened to look

report that I've safely bottled myself up in this gorge. I think I'd better let 'em yet, though!" He began to descend more rapidly, and at length stood at the bottom of the gorge. It was a gloomy and awesome place, enough in light being very subdued, and only a streak of blue sky being visible through the very far overhead. The crack very far overhead. The crack of every shape and size was strewn about on the floor in the dim confusion, and from their shadows came George, concluding that a raging torrent raced through the cave in the rainy season.

"Ugh! this is almost as bad as the cave I was in," he thought. "I think I'll try and find my way up to that cave-right away, there is a little bit more sunshine at the end of it at any rate."

George also argued that, in following him would be sure to conclude that he had gone either up or down the gorge, and would not think of looking him halfway up the opposite wall. He commenced to climb, digging his feet into crevices, holding on to projecting lumps of rock, and, slowly, foot by foot, creeping upwards. Once, when he came to a fairly long, sloping ledge he made very rapid progress. Then, for a while he had to advance almost by inch, clinging to the face of the precipice like a limpet. But what encouraged him to persevere was the fact that just a few feet above his head was a rock platform jutting out from the mouth of the cave.

At last he was able to reach up and grasp the edge of this platform and very soon he had pulled himself onto it. All further progress was out of the question, for above him, a hundred feet or more, the rocky wall rose as straight as the side of a house.

"Well, here I am at last," George, as he lay panting on the rock shelf, breathless and motionless through his exertions, the front steps to my new residence are a bit steep, but that is all in my advantage as it protects me against surprises. Now I'm going to experience what it's like to be a cave-man for a while; going back to the days of the ancient Britons. By jove, what would the malar say if she could see me now!" By this time George was feeling very much exhausted through his lack of sleep the previous night and his constant exertion for so long a time. Without trying to explore further, therefore, he lay down on the rock and was soon sound asleep. When he awoke he could tell that it was late in the afternoon, possibly about five o'clock. Feeling hungry he opened his eyes, and, finding that he had tied round his neck when ascending the side of the gorge, and took therefore some bread, which he ate. Feeling thirsty, he determined to search around for water. However, he thought he might as well try and find out if any of the caves he had explored contained any water. No doubt he's gone back to

HELPFUL BOOKS FOR ALL CLASSES OF READERS

The Land and the Book—By W. M. Thomson; newest and revised edition; 12 coloured plates, 16 black and white illustrations. Gilt top. Price.....\$2.00

A Book on Palestine—By Richard Pinlake; 24 coloured plates, numerous black and white illustrations of an explanatory character. Price.....\$1.75

Happy Sunday Hours—New Bible story for every Sunday in the year. Each story extends four pages, and is illustrated by a splendid plate. Price.....\$1.75

Manual of Bible History—Dr. W. G. Black, Price.....\$1.25
Life's By and Wonders—J. R. Miller, D.D., Price.....\$1.25
Come Ye Apart—J. R. Miller.....85c
In Green Pastures—J. R. Miller.....85c
Ezekiel—E. M. W. Tilton.....85c
Still Waters—C. J. Wright.....85c
Imitation of Christ—Thomas A. Kempis.....50c
Come Ye Apart—J. R. Miller.....50c
Confession of St. Augustine.....50c
In Green Pastures—J. R. Miller.....50c
Conduct and Character—J. H. Wickesteed.....50c
Lessons on Character-Binding—W. Baldwin and W. Robson.....50c
Teachers' Handbook of Moral Lessons—A. J. Waldegrave.....50c

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS AT 45c SHOULD BE ATTRACTIVE:

Jesus: the Carpenter of Nazareth.....Robert Bird
One Hundred Bible Stories.....Florence L. Mather
Home Nursing.....Florence L. Mather
From School to Counting House.....W. D. Calloway
Royal English Dictionary and Word Treasury.....T. T. MacClagan, M.A.
Palms in Human Life.....Rowland F. Prothers
Spurgeon's Sermons.....C. H. Spurgeon

Daily Text Books—In velvet gilt edges
Our Daily Bread.....Our Daily Duty.....
Our Daily Food.....Our Daily Guide.....
Our Daily Life.....Our Daily Purity.....

THESE BOOKS WOULD BE HELPFUL TO EVERY OFFICER:

Layman's Book of Medicine—Rev. C. Cabott.....\$1.40
Efficient Living—Edward Pareton.....\$1.25
How to Speak in Public—Kleiser.....\$1.25
How to Develop Power—Kleiser.....\$1.25
How to Read and Declaim—Kleiser.....\$1.22
Thinking a Science—Hazlett.....\$1.00
Great Speeches and How to Make Them—Kleiser.....\$1.25
Education of Self—Paul Dubois.....\$1.25
Making Good—Faris.....\$1.00
The Book of Thrift—T. D. McGregor.....\$1.00
Talks on Talking—Kleiser.....85c
The One Rosy Trail—R. Cullen.....\$1.25
Earnest Men: Their Life and Work—N. K. Tweddle.....75c

THESE BOOKS ARE ESPECIALLY HELPFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE TO YOUNG GIRLS:

"When Mother Lets Us Cook," "When Mother Lets Us Sew," "When Mother Lets Us Make Gifts," "When Mother Lets Us Garden." By Mary B. Grubbe. Price, each.....70c

These books will teach the children how to do it:—
The Girl in Her Teens—M. Stallery.....50c
The Girl and Her Religion—M. Stallery.....75c

DEVOTIONAL BOOKS

The following Books by A. H. W. (Canada) are recent publications, and calculated to stir up all Christians to live more devoted lives and do more direct, earnest work for the Master.
"He Restored My Soul," "Which Temple Ye Are," "If Ye Balfi the Royal Law" Sale price, each.....\$1.35

FOR CHILDREN'S WORKERS

The Best Stories to Tell Children—Sarah Coe Bryant.....\$1.50
Children's Book of Thanksgiving Stories—S. C. Bryant.....\$1.25
How to Tell Stories to Children—S. C. Bryant.....\$1.10
Stories to Tell Children—S. C. Bryant.....\$1.10
Child Study and Child Training—N. Bryon Forbes.....\$1.10

These are excellent books for those who have the care of children

THE RED-HOT LIBRARY—PRICE 35c EACH

On the Banks of the River.....The Chief of the Staff
Commodore Dowdle.....Commissioner Raitton
Peter Cartwright....." "
Life of Lieut-Colonel Junker....." "
Helps to Holiness.....Lieut-Colonel Bregle
The Soul-Winner's Secret.....Brigadier Eileen Douglas
Francis: the Saint....." "
George Fox: the Red-hot Quaker....." "
David Stener....." "
Red Flowers of Martyrdom....." "

THE WARRIOR'S LIBRARY—PRICE 25c EACH

Catherine Booth.....Lieut-Colonel Duff
A School of the Prophets.....One of the Scholars
Our War in South Africa.....Commissioner Raitton
The Warrior's Daily Portion.....Brigadier Eileen Douglas
The Way of Holiness.....Lieut-Colonel Bregle
Kingdom-Alakers.....Brigadier Marguerite Allen
Three Coronations.....Lieut-Colonel Duff
The Life of Father Oberlin.....Commissioner Oughtan
Farmer Abbott.....Brigadier Marguerite Allen
The Warrior's Daily Portion—No. 2....." "
Life of the Late Brigadier Von Harstman....." "

BOOKS ON THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

We would draw the attention of our Officers and Soldiers to the following additional books, each bearing on the Christian's duty to God and man. One cannot fail to be substantially helped in the Divine life by a thoughtful and prayerful reading of these works. The prices are very reasonable, and money put into such books returns fourfold to the buyer.

Books That Bless—General B. Booth.....35c
Catherine Booth (2 vols.)—Com. Booth-Tucker.....\$1.50
David Stener—Commissioner Raitton.....35c
Dictionary of the Bible—Wm. Smith, L.D.D.....\$1.50
Essays and Sketches of The Salvation Army.....75c
Francis: the Saint—Brigadier Douglas.....35c
Finney's Sketches of Theological Lectures.....35c
Finney's Lectures on Revivals of Religion.....50c
Gideon Ouseley—Commissioner Raitton.....35c
General William Booth—Commissioner Raitton.....50c
George Fox—Brigadier Douglas.....35c
Half-Hours with My Guide—Mrs. Colonel Bregle.....25c
Harpers of Gold—Jesse Page.....25c
Half-Hours with Isaiah—Joseph Ritts.....\$1.00
Helps to Holiness—Colonel Bregle.....35c
Jesus Is Here—Chas. Sheldon—David Lysal.....\$1.25
Life of Peter Cartwright—Commissioner Raitton.....35c
Life of Commissioner Dowdle—Commissioner Raitton.....35c
Outlines of Addresses.....\$1.00
Other Sheep—Harold Begbie—Commissioner Raitton.....50c
Our Master—General Booth.....50c
On the Banks of the River—General B. Booth.....35c
Perfect Love—Rev. J. A. Wood.....\$1.00
Pictorial of Joy and Sorrow—David Lysal.....75c
Quiet Talks About Jesus—Gordon.....72c
Quiet Talks on Prayer—Gordon.....72c
Quiet Talks on Power—Gordon.....72c
Quiet Talks on Joy and Sorrow—Gordon.....72c
Religion for Every Day—General Wm. Booth.....\$1.10
Remember His Marvelous Works—A. S. Dyer.....75c
Scenes from the Life of St. Paul—Rev. Howson.....\$1.00
Standards of Life and Service—Commissioner Howard.....50c
Social Repatriation—General B. Booth.....25c
Sergeant-Major Do-Your-Best—General Wm. Booth.....50c
Servants of All—General B. Booth.....35c
Training of Children—General Wm. Booth.....50c
The Poor and the Land—Rider Haggard.....50c
The Angel of Kelly's Rents—Brigadier Douglas.....75c
The Cross Our Comfort—Com. Emma Booth-Tucker.....35c
The South-Winner's Secret—Brigadier Douglas.....50c
The Fruits of the Spirit—Brigadier Douglas.....35c
The Salvation Navy—Commissioner Raitton.....35c
The Romance of The Salvation Army.....50c
The Don't-Know Family—Nest Hope.....40c
The Tongue of Fire—Wm. Arthur.....40c
The Army Drum—Mrs. Colonel Bregle.....40c
The Salvage of Men—Palmer.....75c
The Holy Ghost—Harold Begbie.....50c
When the Holy Ghost Is Come—Colonel Bregle.....50c

SEND ALL ORDERS TO Trade Secretary, Salvation Army Headquarters, James and Albert Sts., Toronto

Winnipeg 3, May 20.